VVith hornes as was *Acteons*, and the hounds,
Should driue vpon thy new transformed limbes,
Vnmannerly intruder as thou art.

Lauinea. Vnder your patience gentle Empresse,
Tis thought you haue a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your *Moore* and you,
Are singled forth to trie thy experimens:
Ioue sheeld your husband from his hounds to day,
Tis pittie they should take him for a Stag.

Bassianus. Beleeue me Queene your swartie Cymerion,
Doth make your honour of his bodies hue,
Spotted, detested, and abhominable.
VVhy are you sequestred from all your traine,
Dismounted from your snow white goodly steede,
And wandred hither to an obsure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous *Moore*,
If foule desire had not conducted you?

Lauinia. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my Noble Lord be rated
For sausines, I pray you let vs hence,
And let her ioy her Rauen culloured loue,
This valie fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The King my brother shall haue notice of this.

Lauinia I, for these slips haue made him noted long,
Good King to be so mightily abused.

Queene. VVhy I haue patience to indure all this.

Enter Chiron and Demetrius. (Mother,

Demet. How now deare soueraigne, and our gratious
VVhy doth your highnes looke so pale and wan?

Queene. Haue I not reason thinke you to looke pale,
These two haue ticed me hither to this place,
A barren, detested vale you see it is,
The trees though summer yet forlorne and leane,
Ouercome with mosse and balefull missel to.
Hereneuer shines the sunne, here nothing breeds,

Vnlesse

Vnlesse the nightly
And when they sho
They told me here
A thousand feends
Ten thousand swe
VVould make such
As any mortall bod
Should strait fall m
No sooner had the
Bu strait they told
Vnto the body of a
And leaue me to th
And then they cal
Lauicious Goth, a
That euer eare did
And had you not b
This vengeance on
Reuenge it as you l
Or be yee not hene

Demetrius. This

Chi And this for

Lauinia. I come
For no name fits th

Tamora. Giue me
Your Mothers hand

Demetrius. Stay
First thrash the corn
This minion stood
Vpon her Nuptiall
And with that paint
And shall she carrie

Chiron. And if sh
Drag hence her hus
And make his dead t

Tamora. But whe